

# SIN POSTS TO SUCCESS.

By Herbert Kaufman

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## Great Men Don't Talk About Themselves.

A great position is a magnifying glass upon a little nature. When you were obscure the world at large couldn't learn how small you were, but when you rose above the crowd we instantly perceived your shortcomings.

Your self satisfaction stamps you as a parvenu.

If you were accustomed to recognition you wouldn't insist upon it.

Your constant reference to your status proclaims that few are aware of it and suggests that you have but recently "arrived."

Important people are so occupied with their responsibilities that they haven't time for paltry vanities.

The famous do not personally advertise—their admirers perform that function for them.

If your ability were genuine it would be ingenuous. The first essential to power and force is a contempt of trifles. Hunger for cheap adulation is the indubitable mark of a petty soul.

Your evident delight with your rank infers that you have just attained it.

So long as you persist in explaining who you are you'll remind us of what you used to be.

Let your work talk. Your tongue can't take its place.

You furnish the deeds and we'll supply the approbation.

If you're really competent you'll soon drop your pomposity and subside into a well-mannered, considerate gentleman.

Those who have the most can most afford to be unobtrusive. They know that their achievements so outloom their personalities that there is no need to adopt identification marks.

The field marshal doesn't wear his dress uniform in action. Kings do not take their private walks in gold lace and ermine.

The actor invariably accentuates his characterization.

The imitation great man over-emphasizes his impersonation.

Popularity can't begin at home. The mirror is an inaccurate judge of merit. Until you learn to forget self, humanity won't yearn to remember you.

Fame immortalizes only those who think for others. History pays no compliments to the selfish.

While you listen to the voice of vanity, you'll strain in vain for the applause of humanity.

It is our privilege to recognize genius—not your prerogative to assume it.

A beast of the fields once masqueraded in the robes of the king of the forest. At a distance the deception was effective.

But, not content with his superficial success, he insisted upon roaring for the respect due the lion. Whereupon his hearers broke into derisive laughter, remarking to one another: "If he hadn't brayed we wouldn't have known he was an ass."

## Children, Under Care of Queen of Greece, Taught Grace and Dancing in Shadows of Pyramids

White Magic on the Sands of a Desert—When the Grecian Queen Lost Count—The Donkey Boy and the American Millionaire—An Indiana Girl on Child Education Before Royalty—Three Curious Adventures of the Egyptian Season.

Special Correspondence of The Star.

CAIRO, Egypt, March 17, 1914.

HE Queen of Greece will stand for it. She appears, indeed, a central figure in one of the curious adventures of the Egyptian season. The Queen of Greece, who is a few thousand miles from her native land, is here in the land of the pyramids, and she is the center of a great deal of interest.

The Queen of Greece was photographed by the children. If it brings in our old friend Lolo Fuller as the protégé of royalty, he is not amazed. Her little pupils considered the quizzicalness of the Queen of Greece, who is a few thousand miles from her native land, is here in the land of the pyramids, and she is the center of a great deal of interest.

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six daughters of the Pharaohs. Miriam stood by the queen, and spoke: "How much girls dance thee veil? You count them?" She went on to say that because the great ladies had been kind to poor native girls she, Miriam, desired to entertain them, make them "see to laugh."

"The queen counted sixteen. Lolo counted fifteen. "Pardon," she said, "I must have miscounted." "Ah, no," said her highness, "it must be my error—one, two, three, four, five (the children were all the time dancing the veil). You are right, Miss Fuller, there are only fifteen." "No, your majesty is right," said Lolo; "now I count sixteen plainly."

Royal Olga almost frowned. She hates adulation. "Count in earnest," she said, briefly. "Fifteen" was her verdict. It amazed Lolo. "See," she said, "five on that side, four behind, that's nine; four to the left, and those two, and the one in front; that's sixteen." "No," the queen said, "four on that side, five behind, that's nine; three to the left and four in front makes sixteen." "So I said," said Lolo.

"You said fifteen," said the queen. "Let them stand still." The girls lined up, and Olga counted them as easy. "I knew I was right," she said, "there are fifteen." "But it can't be," said Lolo. "Ten of those girls are mine, and I count six Phoenician lassies lined up on the left together. Ah," said Lolo, "there is your error. There are, indeed, six Arab lassies, I count from the one in red—one, two, three, four, five, six, but your own girls—"

"Pardon, but the child in red is mine," said Lolo. "It's Daisy Dimple. Come here, Daisy," she said, "from the sand and behind her. 'It's not me,' said Daisy. 'You see, there are fifteen,' said Lolo. 'You said sixteen,' said Lolo. 'So I said,' said Olga. 'I count from the left—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen. Has one of your girls joined them?' 'Certainly not, your majesty, and as Daisy Dimple is here with me, there can only be fifteen, after all. Children, stand away from those Egyptians!'

Lolo was set up, now, too. Six little fellahs were left standing alone. "Children, march, one by one, before us," Lolo said. "There! Exactly! Nine, and Daisy makes ten." "Yes," replied the queen, "but Daisy was not dancing. Why do you count Daisy?"

The two ladies glared upon each other. Pleased queen and simple American citizen fanned their trickling faces with their handkerchiefs. "Louise, the white umbrella!" ordered Olga. "Children, you'll be sun-struck," said Lolo. "Back, straight, to the tent, Daisy!"

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A FROLIC AMONG THE PYRAMIDS.

can gold showered riches on me one day and the next day he would speak to me as to a sick babe that refuses nourishment. Wallah! How he galloped. I ran, panting, behind him, and he said it was good for my liver. So I showed him the Rammal to get breath."

The Rammal is a very dirty but dignified old fakir, who sits all day in the shade of a wall. "Who, that old fellow?" ask the man of gold. "He no shah, see. He holy man, a Rammal, tell your fortune, bakti, by sand. e tell it good and proper," I say. So he wag his head and go to the Chaddi. "Here, you tell my bakti for a piaster. Holy man look up and blink. 'Only a piaster, khawakani.' Of course, and plenty too, old humbug. 'Give me a dollar, khawakani,' I say. 'This is a very clever astrologer, and he will make you nice fortune for a dollar, but a bad one for a piaster.' 'Nonsense,' he say. 'I give a piaster. It's all rubbish.'"

Then the Rammal slowly indicated the sand with his fingers in a mysterious fashion, "which made me shiver," says Hassan. He opened an old book of omens and read and roared and muttered and called: "At this moment it is 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and Mushtari (Jupiter) is in conjunction with Kaimar (moon). Only a piaster, khawakani!" "No more, look alive, I'm late for lunch."

"Alas, my lord, I fear for your lunch. Why did you come to me? Run, run away before I speak the fatal words for you are in an evil state!" But he would not run, saying: "Pshaw, you old idiot, speak, man alive, out with it!"

"Then the Shadili pointed his hand at us," tells Hassan. "Tarshuni, Tarshuni, descend! Change this khawakani into the khawakani until sunset!" And, to Hassan's amazement and the horror of the Rammal, the charm began to work. "And we charmed places!"

"First I felt myself all up and down, and the next day he would speak to me as to a sick babe that refuses nourishment. Wallah! How he galloped. I ran, panting, behind him, and he said it was good for my liver. So I showed him the Rammal to get breath."

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QUEEN OF GREECE.

strode with noble air into the dining room and cry: 'Slaves, bring my lunch!' It was many services, things delicate and wondrous, in particular a bubbling sherbet that went 'pop.' All the sunshine of

old Egypt danced into my soul and lit my understanding. 'Now do, I the Mameluke fling,' I tell the ladies. 'There seems, in truth, to have been an awful disturbance. Many of the eyewitnesses have moved up the Nile, or to Khartoum, or to the Holy Land. But the sovereign has crystallized around a rich and honorable American gentleman of fifty years gobs his lunch like a glut-ton, loudly tipsy, hurrahing like a donkey-boy, and 'My word,' says Dick, the waiter, 'he did the Mameluke fling good and proper!'

He seems to have spent the afternoon at the bazaar, but entered the hotel shortly after sunset, and went to bed. In the morning Hassan's story was all over the place. The millionaire neither confirmed it nor denied it. His manner is mysterious. They have begged him to write it out for the psychological research. His reputation is as white as snow. It proves the magic, and the magic proves it. "Look at him," says the psychic, "how could such a man—"

Rich and lonely, she dwelt on it. Before sunset, she went to Miss Fuller, asking: "Has Squirrel's fortune come yet?" "No," said Lolo, "I'll have to buy her something." "No need," said the widow, "if you'll let me, I'll adopt her!"

Was it magic? Was it the Rammal? Or was it nice manners? "Any child can have nice manners," Lolo says, "if you bring her up right." This is her "system," which attracts so much attention.

According to an editorial in the Egyptian Gazette, Lolo became responsible for the children by accident. Some years ago a sister artist, dancing a leading role in Lolo Fuller's "Ballet of Light," imagined to surround herself by young girls. The parents were all theatrical people, whose children would naturally gravitate to the stage. They were glad to see their little ones under Miss Fuller's protection, with chances for careers superior to the rank and file of the ballet. It was a great success, but when the sister artist struck out for herself Miss Fuller found she had a batch of growing girls upon her hands, "who had found a place in her affections and for whom she felt morally responsible." They must be educated.

So Lolo made the "system." Some say it is a poor one—only the results are good. I lack space to enlarge or even tell how

they reached the beneficent interest of royalty. It was, in part, through dancing Princess Armande de Polignac's music and, in part, the garden party ballets of aristocracy, depending on the fad for grade. All desire grace for their children, this a detail of the results.

The system allows freedom of initiative and expression. The great virtue to be encouraged is spontaneity. Direct instruction is abolished; they learn by absorption. Yet they appear much better instructed and far better mannered. But I said that. Temperament is respected, childish quarrels are less matters of right and wrong than temperamental differences, and the children just naturally move out of mutual range. Temperament is lots. The best books are provided, and they pick and choose. Further material for absorption is found in the pageant of society, the world, the universe. All questions are answered as to grown-ups. They have never been injured by contact with other spoiled or silly children. One day Lolo told her own life to the Princess Armande. "It's clear," said the princess, "you treat each child like a second edition of yourself when a village girl in Indiana. You hungered for everything, and you had so little." "The hunger is there," says Lolo; "all depends upon the diet." STERLING HEILIG.

## Easter Floral Decorations

THERE are delightful decorative possibilities suggested by the dainty spring blossoms in all their fresh, new beauty. For a centerpiece for the table have a large bouquet of Easter lilies, and fill their waxen cups with tiny bunches of blue forget-me-nots, bluebells or violets. Have a single lily at each place, and also have the cups of these filled with the small blue flowers. Cards may be in the shape of a lily, painted with a few forget-me-nots. These may be made out of chiboloid.

Violets are attractive and appropriate for Easter decorations. A pretty idea is to tie bunches at intervals along purple or green ribbon. Each bunch should be of four or six inches apart. Fasten four of these strands to the center of a yellow table and bring down in undulating lines upon the table, extending them to the four corners, where the ends of the ribbon can be tied to small silvered baskets containing violets. The baskets may be made of twigs. These should be fastened to

together with tiny tacks or a little glue, and the eggshells can also be held in place with the glue. Fill these with violets. Violet sachets also make nice favors. At an Easter luncheon where panicles of chiboloid can be easily obtained, these little bouquets in pansy shape make nice favors. Yellow water-color paper pan and pouring at least an inch of boiling water under the bottom. Give them sufficient sunshine and turn them daily that each side may benefit by the sun.

Water Carnivals. In certain countries of South America, notably Peru, there are held from time to time curious water carnivals, when water is showered from house-tops and other elevated spots with strange abandon. All classes of people indulge in the festivities. Just what is the origin of these carnivals is not known, but it is supposed that they represent a general revolt against the parsimony of nature in withholding water for so long a period of the year.

During the progress of such a carnival in Callao no one in the street is safe against showers from roofs, balconies and doorways. In Lima, crossing the Cathedral plaza, the luxury pedestrian is given a good shower. By late in the afternoon the water frolic has assumed such proportions that even those in carriages are doused. The streets, from sidewalk to sidewalk, are completely drenched. While hundreds of men, women and children are showered during the course of the day, none shows resentment, but all accept the dousing in a good-natured spirit.

In addition to the crude weapons of this water warfare—dippers, pails and pithers—there are the more refined implements known as chiggetes. These are toys whereby jets of water can be thrown directly into the face of a passerby. Those armed with these weapons are at liberty to open their batteries upon any one at hand. Often the stream thus projected will be colored with a harmless pigment, with the purpose of imparting to the luckless one's face a carnival hue.

To Force Flower Bulbs. PLACE the bulb in the center of a good-sized sponge, set it in a pretty dish and keep the sponge wet. After the bulb is well started, scatter some grass seed over the surface of the sponge. To make geraniums branch out and blossom, place a common tin can directly in the center of the end of the main stalk. To force crocuses indoors, put a thin layer of absorbent cotton on a dinner plate. Place the crocus bulbs on this and cover with another layer of cotton about two inches deep. Keep the underneath layer damp, and from time to time, as the top cotton gets dusty, add a little fresh cotton. Put the plate where it will get plenty of sunshine, and the crocuses will grow through the cotton.

Bulbs that are making slow progress, although they have formed good roots, may be forced by placing the crocus in a pan and pouring at least an inch of boiling water under the bottom. Give them sufficient sunshine and turn them daily that each side may benefit by the sun.

An Odd Sport. AT THE Hatterophile Club in Paris not long ago one Peladeau achieved a record by tearing a pack of playing cards in one pull—time, two minutes and thirty-two seconds. The events in this card-tearing contest were:

Tearing the greatest possible number of cards tied together top and bottom—time allowance, three minutes; tearing a pack of eighty cards in the shortest possible time; tearing the greatest possible number of cards in four.

This is a form of "sport" wherein many Frenchmen specialize. The men who enter the contests are not necessarily powerful, but they possess enormous strength in their fingers—a strength that is further developed by careful training.

## The Conceited Man.

SECRETARY BRYAN at a luncheon said of a very conceited politician: "I wouldn't call the man puffed up, but I know he thinks that if he were to hide his light under a bushel the whole world would go dark."